

## General Barry

### "General Orders"

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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The colonel's daughter was paying her first visit to a national guard encampment and had voted it the jolliest affair imaginable.

"Everything's so knowing and swaggy," commended the girl with herself as she lay in her cot the morning after her arrival. "The officers all talk so sternly to the others when they're marching! They say 'Port arms' in a regular 'Tremble, villain' tone. And some of those common soldiers are nice looking too."

Fearing to miss something of the picturesque camp routine, she arose and dressed noiselessly. Her parents were still sleeping.

The sun was just rising over the hills to the right as she stepped to the tent opening. In front of her, his back turned, a sentry stood at right shoulders, looking down at the canvas city. Some distance to the left, at brigade headquarters, a group of men in khaki clustered about the fieldpiece and the tall flagstaff. A trumpeter stepped out from among them. The sun glinted on his instrument as he raised it to his lips. Then sharp and true, a little mellowed by the distance, came the rattling notes of the reveille. "I can't get 'em up! I can't get 'em up!" called the bugle merrily.

The group about the gun fell into orderly lines. A huge puff of smoke gleamed like silver as it swept across the grass. Boom! While the echoes were still resounding over the lake the regimental band struck up a quickstep. The gun crew moved reverently, the stars and stripes slowly mounted the staff and another day of camp life had begun.

This little tableau over, the girl's eyes turned to the sentry in front of her with a good deal of approval in their depths. His shoulders were broad, his campaign hat had the flange of a true soldier, and the back swing of his overcoat reminded the colonel's daughter of a picture of Paul Revere. Stealing through the dewy grass until she was scarcely a yard away, she said softly, "Good morning, Mr. Soldier."

The sentry turned so quickly that he nearly dropped his gun. "Grace!" he cried ecstatically. The tone of his voice and the light in his eyes caused the girl to recoil a step, while she blushed adorably.

"Just one little kiss, sweetheart," went on the young man. He had not forgotten his drill regulations in the presence of this most distracting bit of femininity. His rise was at "port," as the book says it shall be when the sentry is holding conversation with another person.

"Why, Tom, the very idea," came the stony answer. "Right here on this hill-top in plain sight? I don't believe I would even under the tent fly." Still, there was no suggestion of panic in her leisurely retreat.

But the sentry did not, as expected, pursue her to the friendly fly. "I can't leave this post," he gloomed.

"Oh, indeed? And why?"

"According to general orders I am to quit my post only when properly relieved," he quoted.

The girl tossed her head and pursed her tempting red lips. "All right, Tom Kennedy, if any old general is more to you than I."

There was a thud of horse's hoofs up the parade ground, and General Barry rode up. He was commander of the second brigade, and as he swung gracefully from his horse he looked the part thoroughly. The general was young, handsome and unmarried. It could be seen that officer and enlisted man had one point in common. Both loved the colonel's daughter.

"Good morning, Miss Grace. You're up with the birds." Then to the sentry, who, having presided arms, started to resume his beat. "Hold my horse, orderly."

The sentry was an astute young man. He knew that the general had divined something from the manner of the interrupted conversation. The request was merely to humiliate him before the girl. Yet his manner was respectful, even meek, as he came to port arms again and replied, "I'm not the orderly, sir; I'm sentry on this post."

"Well, hold the horse, anyway."

"The regulations don't require me to," was the composed reply.

General Barry's anger arose as a gleam of merriment kindled in the girl's eyes. "Nevertheless I command you to do it."

The sentry apparently was deeply regretful. "General orders say that I shall receive, transmit and obey all orders from and allow myself to be relieved by the commanding officer, the officer of the day, officers and noncommissioned officers of the guard only. You're not any of those, sir."

"Indeed?" was the sarcastic response. "And if you know your general orders so well, how about the one which says 'to hold conversation with no one except in the proper discharge of my duty?' Hold this horse or I'll put you in the guardhouse."

The sentry's reply was to resume his beat. Almost bursting with rage, the general took a step or two toward Kennedy, but as the relief came plodding up the hill he decided, a smile of triumph on his face, to await its arrival.

"Corporal," he said sharply to the noncommissioned officer in charge, "place that man under arrest."

The corporal saluted. "Why, sir?"

"He was impudent, and he refused to hold my horse when asked."

"If he was disrespectful you can pro-

for charges, sir. You're not of our grade, are you, general?"

"No; but what of it?"

"Then you had no right to ask him to act as orderly. General orders say, 'To receive'."

"Hang general orders!" was the officer's explosive interruption. "You refuse to obey too? I'll have you reduced to ranks!"

"All right, sir," came the cheerful reply. "I'm Corporal Kelly of B company, Second Infantry, if you don't happen to know me. Fall in, Kennedy. Belief, forward, march!" And the grinning files straggled down the hill.

"Pardon me, but 'General Orders' seems to have defeated General Barry this morning," smiled the girl.

"And General Barry will do his best to turn defeat into victory," was the grim response as the man climbed into the saddle.

The general cursed himself for a fool as he galloped back to his tent. A desire to punish the sentry for his presumption in speaking to an officer's daughter had not caused his outbreak as much as a desire to appear well before the girl.

He had met her the winter before while she was visiting in his home town. The general in private life was a successful young attorney who had believed himself too busy to fall in love, but at sight of Grace he had capitulated.

During the fortnight of her stay he had made ardent love and did not doubt that in time his suit would be favorably received. The girl liked him, for he was frank and handsome and not quite spoiled by success. Yet there was a barrier to her heart which he could not pass. She would not allow him to visit her at the little city where she lived, and he was forced to be content with the half promise that they might meet at camp, and straightway Randolph Barry began to count the days which must elapse before the encampment.

Yet their meeting on the evening of the first day had not been encouraging. The colonel's daughter had greeted him as she did her other friends. And this second interview! He ground his teeth as he thought of his folly. An hour later he laid his version of the encounter with the sentry before Major General Goodwin, commander of the two brigades in camp.

"Have a drink, Barry," urged his superior when he had finished, "and you'll probably feel better. I can't report those boys under arrest for that."

"This confounded young Kennedy was impudent, I tell you," snarled Barry. "He's a pretty soldier, quoting general orders to me when he was disobeying one when I rode up! I want him in the guardhouse just to square myself with Grace Van Tuyl." He clicked his spurs viciously.

"Can't make regulars out of these fellows in ten days," was the conciliating reply. "Discipline is all right, in moderation. We can't shut down on 'em real hard. Why, this man Kennedy owns a factory down in Trenton. He's got dead loads of money. I'm surprised he was as decent as you admit he was," and the general's eyes twinkled.

"Jim," returned Barry very earnestly, "I've got to see him court-martialed. I know Miss Van Tuyl well, and, and"—he hesitated a moment—"it makes a difference what she thinks of me. You understand?"

General Goodwin was silent a moment. When he spoke, he had dropped the half bantering manner which had marked the interview on his part. His tone was kindly and sincere: "I understand, and I'm sorry I can't accommodate you, and for another reason. Tom Kennedy's my nephew, my sister's kid, and I've got to see him through. I told him he could have a place on my staff, but he wanted to be a real soldier, he said. So he enlisted in B company, and in view of what you've said I have to tell the rest of it, but he's engaged to Miss Van Tuyl. They're to be married in September."

The younger man rose and walked to the front of the tent before he replied. "I believe I'll take that drink, general," he said, with an assumption of his old gay manner. "I seem to have been routed with loss by 'General Orders' and his aid, General Cupid. I drink"—he removed his hat gallantly and clicked glasses with his superior—"to the future Mrs. Kennedy. God bless her!"

Watch the Thumbs. A physician in charge of a well known asylum for the care of the insane said: "There is one infallible test either for the approach or presence of lunacy. If the person whose case is being examined is seen to make no use of his thumb, if he lets it stand out at right angles from the hand and employs it neither in salutation, writing nor any other manual exercise, you may set it down as a fact that that person's mental balance is gone. He or she may converse intelligently, may in every respect be guarding the secret of a mind diseased with the utmost care and cunning, but the telltale thumb will infallibly betray the lurking madness which is concealed behind a plausible demeanor."

Gravestones Marriages. A strange custom prevails among a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies, some one calls upon a bereaved parent who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of a year and says: "Your son is sure to want a wife. I'll give you my daughter, and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected, and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given as much as thirty cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.

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The first direct tax that was imposed in England was borne by the people in the reign of Edward the Unready, A. D. 901. It was called so that money could be raised wherever it was needed from the Danes, who at that period were overrunning England, but this tax defeated its own object, inasmuch as it incited the Danes, who well knew that they would be bought off at any cost, to fresh depredations, which resulted in the receipt, as bribes, of 134,000 pounds of silver.

The levying of the tax was, moreover, open to great abuse, for, although no man was liable for more than one annual payment of twelvapence per hide of land, wherever money was known to exist it was demanded by the king's officers, and ability to pay once was regarded as ability to pay again. Thus were many even of the richest landowners reduced to poverty.

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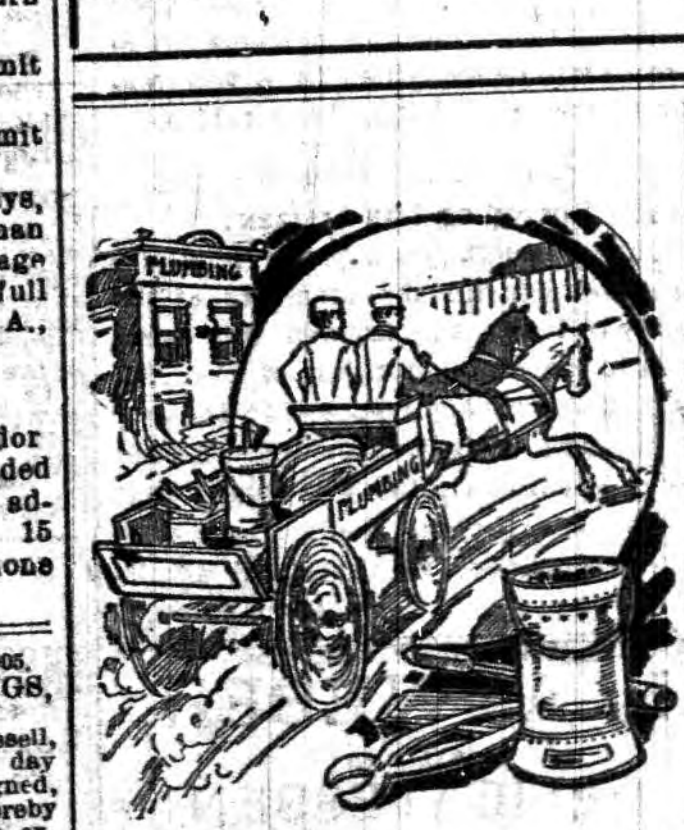
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